

the present government, boldly and falsely asserting, that thus it has been, and thus it is to be, one moment charging the government with the meaneast submission, and the next with the daring spirit of the most vindictive war. At one time the nation has no credit—at another the magnitude of her credit is to be the source of her ruin. The time would be lost in enumerating the half of their labors of fruitless folly in order to render the powers that be ridiculous or contemptible, but all their efforts will only tend to rear a Babel to their own confusion.

The New-York Evening Post of Saturday the 31st inst. complains, that the Federal Printers are rascals in not giving the people to know the nature and amount of the taxes laid to support the war.—That leading Hound of the Federal Pack wishes the U. States to re-echo with the full cry of all the venal hireling presses which are this moment under the direct or indirect control of British Partizans in America.—Millions for defence was in '99 a favorite toast, and taxes once the proudest hope and leading star of federalism, are now, according to their own account, an overwhelming torrent, a voracious monster, snatching and devouring the bread from the gaping mouth of a hungry labour, although the laboring part of the community do in fact pay the taxes, yet the rich will be the loudest in complaining; and when battles are to be fought, who are more ready to fight than those who have least to fight for; yet this same part of the community is esteemed by many a *vile herd* only fit to wear a yoke of iron, and to be kept in due subjection by gag-laws, and made to know that their station in life is a subordinate one, and that a corresponding deportment is of course expected from them.—In America, as yet, such expectations are not to be realized. Here every man that is sensible of what he does, his Creator, his country and himself feels the earth sustain the pressure of his foot with as much firmness as the most haughty of his countrymen although he may not claim an *unvincible title* to the fortieth part of an acre, and has no other resource for subsistence but the severest toil.—*Where liberty dwells there is my country*—and with my country let me float or sink.

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From the Democratic Press.

The Mayor of Philadelphia would do great injustice to his own feelings, as well as to the exemplary, the unexampled good conduct of his fellow citizens of the city of whose police it is his highest pride to be the chief magistrate, on such an occasion if he did not avail himself of the ordinary channels of public acknowledgment to return his thanks to them all, without distinction of party or degree, for their orderly, sober and unexceptionable deportment on the night of the late splendid illumination; when it was demonstrated that public exultation for the victory of our gallant and invincible champions in a just necessary and glorious war, can be enjoyed in Philadelphia without disturbance from riots, injuries or breaches of the peace.

In all free countries the blessings of liberty is inevitably accompanied with contrariety of opinion concerning public affairs; political parties prevail in Philadelphia as elsewhere; and at the present crisis their animosity is naturally at an unusual pitch.

The notice for the festivities on Friday last was very short, and the Mayor felt all the responsibility which devolved upon him by issuing public permission at such a moment and under such circumstances for unbridling (as it might be deemed the feelings of the community, and suffering them to take an extraordinary range—even though the course of innocent rejoicing was marked out for their direction.

But their conduct during the whole day and night of Friday last has proved most gratefully to the Mayor's anxiety, and most honorably to themselves, that the citizens of Philadelphia are worthy of every confidence that can be reposed in their decorum and good habits.

One whole day was devoted to public recreation, a city containing one hundred and twelve thousand inhabitants was universally, and brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and all the popular amusement indulged in which are common on such occasions, without accident, molestation or injury of any kind. At ten o'clock the lights were extinguished, as recommended in the Mayor's Proclamation, and the citizens went peacefully and happily to rest, unusual, with no other than the most agreeable recollections and reflections.

The Mayor cannot deny himself the cordial gratification of this public acknowledgement to the universal and unexceptionable good conduct of the citizens of Philadelphia—in the full reliance that future signal victories over the enemy should call for further festivities, the public decorum will be as great, and the public demonstrations of joy greater than ever.

JOHN BARKER, Mayor.

Philadelphia, Sept. 27, 1816.

STRAYED or stolen from the pasture of Rowell Phelps, in Strawberry, on or about the 20th of Aug. last, a dark brown Horse, rather taller, with a scar on his right hind, about four and twelve years old. Whoever will turn said Horse to the subscriber, or give information where he may be found, shall be suitably rewarded and all necessary charges paid.

SAMUEL VINING.



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